The Courier-Journal.

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WEEKLY EDITION.

FOREIGN AFF S.

Bourbaki Making for an Invasion of Germany.

Gen Chausey Advances Rapidly Towards Paris.

Cheering Reports from Inside the Besieged City.

A Vigorous Bombardment of the Forts

[Special Telegraphic Reports of the Courier-Journal.]

Everything Ready for the General Bombardment of Paris.

[Herald Special.]

VERSAILLES, Dec 27.—Everything is ready for bombardment on the most terrific scale, simultaneously, in a semi-circle, around the devoted city. The affair at Avron was simply a prelude to the startling drama. No officers except attaches of the headquarters are visible. They are all gone to the front. The artillery has commenced firing on the French outposts.

Losses of the French in the Late Sortie—Reorganization of the Paris Armies.

PARIS, December 22 —The losses which were sustained by General Ducrot's army, during the late sorties on the German forces from the city, have been so heavy and serious as to render it absolutely necessary to reconstitute the army of defense. With this object in view, General Blanchard's division has been broken up. General De Malroy's division has been transferred to and amalgamated with the Third Army, under General Vinoy, both Generals Blanchard and Vinoy still holding important commands.

Out of forty-seven Sisters of Charity attending the small-pox hospitals, eleven have died.

VERSAILLES, December 30.—Great quantities of munitions of war were found abandoned in Fort Avron. Two companies of Saxons have advanced as far as the village of Bondy.

Losses of the Germans in the Attack on Avron—Prince Frederick Charles Falling Back on Paris—A Corps Formed to Cut its Way Out of Paris.

LONDON, December 31.—The losses of the besieging forces during the bombardment of Fort Avron, on the 28th, are reported to have been eight thousand. Couriers, sent forward by Gen. Chanzy, report that the Prussians are falling back on Paris.

In the engagement near Brienc yesterday, a French detachment gained a victory over two thousand and five hundred Germans.

The Monteur says a dispatch, emanating from Prussian hands, and reporting that the city of Tours asked for a Prussian garrison, is an absurd falsehood.

Advices from Paris to the 29 h represent that the larger portion of the army of Prince Frederick Charles has reached the lines of the besiegers of Paris and joined them as reinforcements.

It is reported that Beaure Poire has formed in Paris a corps of twelve thousand volunteers, who have sworn to cut their way through the Prussian lines and organize a levy in the provinces.

BORDEAUX, Jan. 1 —It is officially explained that the fort on Mont Avron was not casemated. As the men had no protection, General Trochu ordered them to remove the guns and evacuate the works. The fort was not injured by the incessant firing of the Germans, and its garrison lost only eight killed and twenty wounded during the three days' bombardment.

Determined to Take the Capital.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—A correspondent of the Gaulois has had an interview with Bismarck, a translation of which has just reached here by the steamer which arrived this morning. Bismarck spoke rather more than usual, it being after dinner and he was apparently under the influence of wine. He said: "We will wait ten years, if necessary, but we will enter Paris. The Germans are determined to do it. He was s to spare the prize as much as possible, but he has resolved to sign peace no where but at the Tuileries. As to interference by neutral powers, I do not think it likely, besides, every country appears to me likely to have shortly its own affairs to look after" In a subsequent conversation about the Republican Government of France, Bismarck called Gambetta a lawyer without a client.

It is reported that the Palace of Malmaison was set on fire by the guns of Mount Valerien, and totally destroyed.

Interesting From Versailles.

[Herald Special.]

LONDON, Jan. 2.—A correspondent writing from Versailles on the 28th, says the Prussian troops are daily becoming more dissatisfied at nothing being done to hasten the siege. I know the Germans have got projectiles heavy enough to send clear into Paris, but few have been employed with effect within the last few days. All the heavy guns have been brought to a particular point, to destroy one or two forts, and a tremendous effort will be made to capture them.

The Duke of Mecklenburg has been here, and Prince Albrecht is coming for consultation. The result of the deliberations so far appear to be that the army of Frederick Charles will content itself with simply protecting the besiegers. All troops outside of camp will remain on the defensive until reinforcements arrive. Guns and ammunition arrive slowly, notwithstanding the almost superhuman energy exercised.

Bismarck on the Ship Sinking.

[World's special.]

LONDON, Jan. 2.—Bismarck writes Odo Russell that Prussia is justified under the law of nations in sinking the English ships in the Seine. Although a request for delay was refused, because unaccompanied by an apology, he again renews the tender of payment.

More Artillery Coming Up.

Additional artillery is on the way to Paris. The number of siege guns of all caliber now in front of Paris is 1,500.

Further of the Fighting Near Havre.

Further accounts from Havre admit the the Prussians retook and held Bouille for a short time, but were afterward driven back with considerable loss. The French assert that the Prussians at one time offered to surrender, whereupon the French fire ceased, but as the party approached the enemy to receive their surrender it was fired into at point blank range, and the fight was resumed.

[Herald's Special.]

BERLIN, Dec. 29.—The Prussians are now sending to the front Landwehr of the second van, aged forty-two and forty-three years. It is considered that the utmost effort of which Germany is capable is being made. The system of supplying the vast army is admitted to be admirable. It cannot, however, obviate the dissatisfaction and distrust which exist in considerable sections of territory. Notwithstanding the official statements concerning the victualing and clothing of the troops, the popular instinct appreciates the difficulty of the situation in its proper light. Although no sign of discouragement is perceptible, the former enthusiasm has ceased to exist, and a strong desire for peace expressed. A rose color tint is given to all official accounts, so that only from private sources do we learn that hospitals around Versailles contain eight thousand sick and wounded.

Versailles Supposed Secret Mission from King William to Napoleon.

WILHELMSHOHE, Dec. 29.—The present is the severest winter experienced here for many years. Among the visitors at this place last week was Count Bouviller, former Prefect o Bordeaux. He was here two days with a mysterious attache of the English Embassy at Berlin and a certain Mr. Frost. Both had repeated and lengthy interviews with the Emperor. Rumor attributes to Mr. Frost a secret mission from the Prussian Government to the Emperor relating to the convocation of the French Councils General.

Notwithstanding the severe weather and snow storms, the Emperor takes daily walks and rides. On Christmas several handsome sleighs arrived from Berlin, sent for the use of Napoleon. The Emperor has begged of Artiel, the chief of the Prussian household, to forward his acknowledgments to Queen Augusta. He has not, however, yet used them. He has been out twice skating.

Berlin and Wilhelmshohe.

[World Special.]

LONDON, Jan 2 —A correspondent at Berlin says the Court at Berlin believes that Paris will soon capitulate. The significant interchange of courtesies continue between Berlin and Wilhelmshohe. The Emperor is confident of his restoration.

Advices of the 13th December.

BORDEAUX, Jan. 3.—Advices from Paris, December 13, received here, state that the Parisians unite in urging General Trochu to make a sortie with an enormous force, which can readily be spared for service, as the weather is moderating and the artillery for the defense of the city is so numerous and well manned that the enemy will be unable to make any serious impression upon the fortifications.

It appears that V after the battle of Pont Hoyelles, betw of Gen Faidherbe and Manteuffel sou to Gen. Trochu that the French army d been annihilated. Gen. Trochu paid no attention to the statement.

News of the Riot.

[Tribune Special.]

LONDON, Jan. 3.—The special correspondent of the Tribune, in Paris, sends letters and papers of the Riot régime. He says coal cannot be bought, as it has all been used for casting cannon. Wood is nearly gone. The trees of Bois Boulogne and the boulevards are now being cut. Children are dying for the want of milk. The total number of deaths for the last two weeks was 2,700. Bread is plentiful, is not rationed, and is expected to last till the end of February.

The Prussians continue their forced operations, notwithstanding the cold weather.

Trochu says that Fort Avron was evacuated voluntarily to escape the Prussian shells, their guns being of longer range than those of the French.

Favorable for the French.

The outside French ring is contracting, while the inside French ring is expanding. The Seine is frozen sufficiently to bear men and guns. The French are plucky about here and may do something of an astonishing nature shortly.

French Successes for a Week Past.

BORDEAUX, Jan. 3.—A portion of the Chanzy army is now strongly posted near Vendome. The engagements along the Loire for a week past have all been successes for the French. Near Lachatre one thousand three hundred prisoners were taken by the French. A Prussian column recently lost three hundred men by drowning in an attempt to cross the Loire on the ice.

King William's Reception.

VERSAILLES, VIA LONDON, Jan. 3.—King William gave a reception to-day in the palace at Versailles to officers of the German army in honor of the opening of the New Year. The occasion was signalized by the delivery by the King of a brief address, in which he said:

"The great events which must have preceded our celebration of such a day in such a place are due to your heroism and perseverance, and to the bravery of the soldiers. Our glory, however, still unattained. Important tasks remain to be performed before we shall attain lasting peace, and it would be censurable to make any peace which involves a continuation of the duties which have brought you here."

Gen. Faidherbe Announces the Defeat of the Prussian Army.

BORDEAUX, Jan. 4.—The following is official: Gen. Faidherbe sends the following dispatch to the Minister of War, under date of January 3d:

"We have fought a battle near Bapaume, which lasted from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Monday. We have driven the Prussians from all their positions and the villages occupied by them. The enemy's losses are enormous, and ours are serious."

BORDEAUX, January 4.—The evacuation of Rouen by the Germans is considered certain, as Mantauffel has been compelled to concentrate his forces in the North by a forward movement of Gen. Faidherbe along the valley of Toile, and possibly the Oise.

Rumors of the Battle.

LONDON, Jan. 4 —A dispatch from Lille reports that vague rumors are current there of a battle on Monday the 3d inst., between the towns of Sapignies and Bapaume, in which there were heavy losses on both sides. The Prussians were said to have been defeated along the whole line.

Confirmatory Advices.

LONDON, Jan. 4 —More reliable information has been received as to the movements of the French army of the north under the command of Gen. Faidherbe. It appears to have occupied the towns of Achiet and Bouncourt, after having resisted from the Germans. The towns of Enviliers and Behaignes were carried by the French after hard fighting. Losses heavy on both sides.

The People Demand a Sortie.

BORDEAUX, Jan. 4.—Paris advices show intense excitement among the population, who demand that a grand sortie be made. A number of the Mayors of the city called upon Gen. Trochu and urged that active way to this desire of the people. Some of the Paris journals accuse Trochu of feebleness, and numbers of the newspapers at Bordeaux are noting this expression of opinion continues.

It is understood that orders have been sent to the Generals in the field to hasten the movement on Paris.

A new General has been sent to command the French forces at Havre.

What the Germans Will Do When They Take Paris.

BRUSSELS, January 4.—King William has abandoned the idea of entering Paris upon its capitulation. The forts of Paris are to be garrisoned and provisioned for two years, and the Germans are to hold Alsace and Lorraine, Belfort, Bitche, and the line of communication with Paris, after the unconditional surrender which alone will be accepted. The Garde Nationale will be armed and made responsible for the preservation of order in the capital, and the Corps Legislatif will be summoned to vote the money for the indemnity.

VERSAILLES, VIA LONDON, Jan. 4—The bombardment of the forts on the east side of Paris continues with such effect that only Fort Nogent now replies to the German fire.

A Desprate Effort to Reduce the City.

[World's Special.]

LONDON, Jan. 4 —It is known in the highest German circles that desperate efforts to reduce Paris are being made. Upon the reduction of the forts on the southwest and northeast sides of the city, the enciente will be stormed.

The present movements of Bourbaki and Chanzey are more dangerous than ever before.

Capitulation no Longer Expected.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—The London Times correspondent writes from the Saxon army on the north of Paris, December 12th: We have given up all hope of an early capitulation, indeed we have strong indications of its improbability, in the preparations which the French cannot conceal from our eyes. Taey have done great things within the last month in strengthening the fortifications, and in the erection of very troublesome batteries.

The Bombardment.

[Herald Special.]

LONDON, January 5—The Herald speeta correspondent at Vers allies writes on the 2d The bombardment of the forts on the north: east of Paris continues vigorously, and is uninterrupted by anything. The returns fire is weak, especially from Rosny and Romainville and the destruction of these forts is certain. It is believed that an attack is intended to prevent a sortie from that side, and only preliminary to a general bombardment. Events are evidently pressing toward a climax.

Considerable excitement has been created here at the exposure of the fact that the manufacturers at Solingen have been as active as the English manufacturers in supplying arms to France.

Bourbaki Marching on Germany.

LONDON, Jan 5.—Dispatches from Havre, dated the 3d, report that Gen. Bourbaki was marching on Germany, and Gen. Chanzey was at Le Mans, constantly pushing ahead the troops in flying columns. Ten thousand troops were marching toward Paris via Chartres. Gen. Garibaldi is at Dijon, doing very little. Gen. Faidherbe is at Arras, preparing a movement on Manteuffel's position with an immense force. It is said that active way to this desire of the people. Some of the Paris journals accuse Trochu of feebleness, and numbers of the newspapers at Bordeaux are noting this expression of opinion continues.

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...DAY, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11, 1871.

Notice to Subscribers.

In making remittances for subscriptions or advertising hereafter, when practicable, send drafts or checks on postoffice orders. When these cannot be procured, send the money, but always in a *registered letter*. We wish it distinctly understood we will not be responsible for money lost in its transmission to us by mail, unless it is in a duly registered letter.

God Bless the Little Church Around the Corner."

The New York papers have already acquainted the public with the facts in the case of the refusal of the Rev. Mr. SABINE, of Madison Square, to officiate at the funeral of the late GEORGE HOLLAND, the veteran and very much respected actor, of WALLACK's Theater.

It appears that Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the comedian, called on Mr. SABINE the day after Mr. HOLLAND's death, at the instance of one of the ladies of the player's family, who was Mr. SABINE's parishioner. Mr. JEFFERSON was admitted at once to the elegant establishment of the minister, who, perhaps, seeing in his visitor's appearance the prospect of a good fee, agreed to do the honors over the dead body of his visitor's friend. The matter thus arranged, some conversation ensued, when Mr. JEFFERSON chanced to refer to the deceased gentleman as a serious loss to the stage. At this the clergyman, who had no idea that he was vis-a-vis with an actor, and still less that this actor was the greatest of comedians, started. A thought struck him. He could make a good thing by refusing to perform at the funeral of a theatrical person. To the mind of a cold, professional goepeller, like SABINE, a cunning device is indigenous, and by habit, the deed came upon the thought as the blow of a thug follows the flash of a sudden opportunity. He started, not perhaps so well as the counterfeit presentment might have been done by a good melo-dramatist, but with sufficient effect—and drew back aghast. What, a play actor? His eyes went to the heavenly frescoes that decorate his reverend ceiling, thence descending to the figure of the angel that rests celestial on the fire mat; the soft-subduing glow of the hall-lit chandelier and the rich, red shine of the satin brocades, and the sweet, ethereal whiteness of the lace-work, all mingling in a mild, religious suffusion, fell upon his child-like countenance; and he stood a moment as a new-made keeper of the Temple of the Holy Zebra, a gilt-edged god of the Church of St. ASPARAGUS.

"No," he murmured in those mellifluous tones which Miss FLORA MCFLIMSY declares to be so touching, "I can not pronounce the service of my church over the body of an actor."

No, he can not do that. He can say grace over a house full of shameless voluptuaries; he can drop precious comfort into the ear of a congregation of corrupt gold-gamblers; he can engage in countless legalized, nuptual harlotries and lower any number of first-class rascals into dishonored graves. He can swim in a sea of religious glory as long as he is paid a salary sufficient to sustain him at Saratoga and keep up his establishment in Madison Square. But he can not bury an actor. Ah, no! At the bare thought of a man whose life has been devoted to making men more charitable than they are by making them laugh, and in the presence of the man who, more than any of his countrymen, has poured into the well of human kindliness its sunniest, its purest and its most generous stream of Christian love, this fashionable divine is appalled and ashamed; and he says, in his beautiful, acute, and perfectly respectable way, "I can not say the service of my church over any actor." You had better go to the "little church around the corner." And PETERSON, moving out of the hot atmosphere of the grand saloon, very much as if he were warned by the devil's own bagpots, exclaims, "GOD bless the little church around the corner."

It is consoling to know that the comedy went to the little church around the corner, that he found a little man of God around the corner, that he found the heart of a fellow mortal around the corner; that he found the spirit of a Christian preacher around the corner; that he found in that little church around the corner, a great, big soul, GOD love it! and that poor, old GEORGE HOLLAND was laid at rest by hands whose touch did not defile his burial robes, by lips whose tones did not sicken the air around his grave, by one whose presence did not call his own attendant shadow into the place of the dead, the shadow of the genius of damnation!

This revolting story is confirmed by the Reverend SABINE himself, who, in an interview with a Times reporter, gave the particulars as related without any modification or explanation. Indeed, unless denied, how could they be explained? They do not admit of explanation.

To speak of this SABINE as a florid and canting moral slush; to describe him as a greasy, well-fed and fat disgrace to the cloth he wears; to conceive him capable not only of gin and milk, but of every depravity; in short, to dismiss him as a tip-top sham, who peddles out hypocrisy to Fifth Avenue at twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars a year, and envies WALLACK's house because it draws better than his, are terms that do not cover the case, but which will have to answer in the absence of a REMBRANDT. The next thing we hear of him he will be playing the part of the Rev. HORACE COOK, and when he has rolled himself comfortably in the sewer he will have fulfilled his mission and found his level on this earth. A poor wretch truly; and may the Lord have mercy on his soul if it happens to be big enough to be administered on in the world to come.

But leaving him to the idols that surround him, leaving him to marry the FLORA MCFLIMSYS and to bury the SCROGGS of his congregation, leaving him to flourish at Newport and to swell with studied and prosperous frenzy in Madison Square, shall not all of us say with Mr. JEFFERSON, "GOD BLESS THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER"?

☞ We are charged with sneering at General GRANT because he was once a clerk in a leather store; but the charge is unjust. We may possibly have said that we wondered what he had done with the capacity which enabled him to fill the position—we think it very likely we did say so—but we certainly did not intend the remark as a sneer.

☞ Why do they say that we sneer at Gen. GRANT when we incidentally mention that he used to be a clerk in a leather-store? Why, hang it, so far from thinking that he should never have been a clerk in a leather-store, we have always maintained that he should never have been anything else.

☞ "The atmosphere of the Executive Mansion," says the Boston Post, "is heavy with the miasma from the fens of corruption." Ah, well, don't be uneasy about the health of the present tenants of the building. We are all making arrangements to move them out after a while.

☞ The Rochester Union says: "The last instance of modesty is that of a lady who refused to wear a watch in her bosom because it had hands." Come, now—was it really because the watch had hands, or was it because the hands had no feeling?

☞ When a certain Senator advised Gen. GRANT the other day to "take a sober second thought about the San Domingo business," the President replied that it was absurd to ask him to take a sober thought about anything so soon after Christmas.

☞ The New York Sun thinks that an ... number of years ago mastodons ... common in that vicinity. It ... is it that neither the Cardiff ... SUSAN B. ANTHONY has ... them!

A Lay Sermon for the Fire-Side.

This is the third New Year's day which has come to the COURIER-JOURNAL since the COURIER-JOURNAL began to go to the public, and, as everybody is making his bow and saying his good word, why may not we, too, button-hole the reader, point out our wares, and, while showering upon him the benedictions of the season, solicit the renewal of his patronage and the continuance of *his favor? Quid Ridet?* We are very much as the rest, merely one of a company of poor players, holding the world but as the world howbeit kindly, striving constantly to fetch into the market that which is worth the price asked for it and to traffic fairly with our customers.

We now stand on the threshold, as it were, cap in hand. We are thankful for what we have received. In spite of many defects and a deal of censure, part of which we fear has been only too well deserved, the COURIER-JOURNAL has gone on prospering. It has strengthened in public confidence, grown in popular esteem, increased its circulation and its business, paid some of its debts, and otherwise moved and lived and enjoyed itself. For all of this, it is indebted to the legitimate sources of commercial life and the ordinary needs of the common people. By "common people," we mean intelligent, everyday, men and women, like ourselves, who depend on their labor for their livelihood, who know what is what, and also what it is worth, and who do not mean to put up with shams and nonsense in any rent.

The COURIER-JOURNAL, these may rest assured, seeks nothing for which it does not return, or at least propose, an equivalent. It asks no consideration that does not answer to the presentment of obvious and clearly defined interests. It claims to be the servant of the people in the sense that every institution existing for a generally good and useful purpose is the servant of the people, that is, that it is conducted in the public interest as its conductors understand that interest, and not in any clique *or class interest*. It claims to reflect the wants and wishes of great masses of people as opposed to clique corporations. It claims that, being independent alike of corrupt subsidies and corrupting official patronage, which are never conferred without being accompanied by exactions dishonoring to the press and dangerous to the people, it is able to hold its own against the encroachments of powerful combinations of professional or amateur speculators and adventurers, railway, municipal, and partisan.

This, we say, the COURIER-JOURNAL *claims* to be, and, if it *is* not, why, it will have to pay the penalty of hypocrisy. For the people are not to be duped by false pretenses. They have a mother wit that easily detects fraud. A newspaper that is perused by thousands of people every morning need not look to escape the most searching inquisitorial. In the long run it is known substantially for what it is. Its readers get a pretty fair average notion of its length, breadth, and thickness; and though it may please them ill to-day, it is like to please them better to-morrow, and one thing counter-balances another. Thus if it be really useful and honest, it takes deeper and firmer root in the affections of men and women, year by year.

The experience of the COURIER-JOURNAL has been in every way exceptional. For twelve months it was the only English newspaper published in Louisville. It had, therefore, to carry all the spleen and ill-will of disappointed applicants, of which there is generally a brigade at least, as well as the distrust of those who couldn't help the perhaps natural apprehension that it would use the exclusive privileges it possessed in some oppressive or proscriptive way.

The consolidation of three great old newspapers into one new one was the result of necessity, not of choice, and had been secured at great cost, in order that impending ruin might be averted. Neither the population nor the business of Louisville justified the sort of newspaper which the ambition of the town demanded. We did not use the advantage temporarily placed in our hands, however, usuriously. On the contrary, there has been spent this last year at least forty thousand dollars less on the paper than was spent when it occupied the entire field; and the first year of its existence it barely came out even, with no competition at all, paying hardly more than interest on its liabilities. But we have given and are still giving the public a journal out of all proportion to the size of the city, and one that could not exist a fortnight if it relied for its support on Louisville alone, or even on Kentucky. The circulation of the COURIER-JOURNAL outside of Kentucky—in Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Louisiana, Texas and Indiana—is greater than its circulation in Kentucky, and it actually receives more advertising patronage from New York than from Louisville. Yet the whole amount goes into the pocket of Louisville, is spent here at home and inures to the benefit of us all. Every day and every week the COURIER-JOURNAL travels broadcast over the country, gratuitously advertising the trade of Louisville and otherwise fighting her battles. How well it has fought these battles it is not for us to say. We leave that to its readers, reminding such of them as *sometimes* assail it in the rear that its work in this respect costs them nothing, but is a service rendered without the least remuneration, nay, without the expectation of reward or even the desire for anything but that appreciation and good will which efficient and well-directed labor deserves of those who profit by it.

It has happened that we have had and have each day in the week to say "no" to a vast number of demands which are made upon us by people of every description. A politician, distinguished or otherwise, makes a speech and wants it published; an eminent clergyman comes with a religious or charitable document, which he thinks of public interest; a leading merchant appears with a communication, already rejected perhaps, which he wants published because the writer is a friend of *his* and *he* is a patron of ours. None of these persons seems to remember that the editor of a newspaper owes a certain obligation to the people; that, whilst always obliged for matter not to be otherwise obtained, he has a number of writers, newsmen and reporters under him whose business is to prepare whatever ought to be published, and that these, if competent, are not likely to overlook any essential point of the situation within reach, the question of insertion or non-insertion being not one of favor but of rule and duty. The rule is as clearly defined as rules in chancery, and it is the duty of the editor to be as impartial as a chancellor.

Take, as an example, the matter of recommending candidates for office. What interest has the general reader in that sort of literature? Just consider it. A runs for office, or wants to run. He gets B to write a fulsome puff of him. This is sent to us for publication. It comes, however, not as a prearranged matter of business, but with all the sanctimonious airs of an unbiased expression of the popular will. There is thus a direct falsehood as well as a wicked imposition proposed. We decline to be a party to it. We decline to help out the sham or to be imposed on. The matter is of no general interest. It is not an event, a transaction. It is not news. It only interests the candidates and his immediate friends. Therefore we put it on an advertising footing. It is *business*. We prefer to exclude it altogether; it is abominable and disgusting; it affronts the intelligence, the good taste and the common sense of the people. It is a vile old trick of played-out political harlots. We say to them: "If you want to have yourselves puffed by contract, pay for it." We say to the people: "Observe that this sort of thing is not what the strumpets who deal in it pretend it to be. It is merely business, paid for precisely as if the virtues advertised were dry goods or whisky." Nevertheless, because we have done this, we have been denounced by the dead-beats and vagabonds, who seek to make us a party to their dirty frauds, as selfish and mercenary. Such vagrants have not long to live, and, as we shall never cease to expose their tricks, we expect, in curtailing their lives, to earn the gratitude of honest men.

Concerning political topics we have not much to say. We are altogether satisfied with the result of our unyielding resolve to do our duty by our convictions and by our country, regardless of fear or favor. If the present aspect of affairs has not verified our course in every particular, we fail to read the signs of the times aright. We have not written from hand to mouth, nor consulted the passions and follies of the moment. Our aim has been to lay before our readers the same means of information which were accessible to ourselves, to speak of events freely, to let the people form their own judgments and to trust the issue to bear out and vindicate the soundness and integrity of our interpretations. If we are wrong, why, we are but human; but we are always considerate, let us hope, and we at least give our readers the chance that we have had to come to a right conclusion, claiming integrity, not infallibility.

It has been our lot to dissent from many of the opinions held by leading newspapers and politicians of our own party. On this point we want to say a word or two. It is our habit to speak our mind out freely. We have no concealments to make, and are not afraid to print whatever we think. We have never studied the hand-book of what is called "political discretion," or, as JOHN RANDOLPH used to call it, "pawlacy." It seems to us that in party matters, as in other matters, honesty is the best "pawlacy," and that a little indiscreet ventilation of one's own household is now and then good for the body politic. We should be unworthy the confidence of the people if we were simply the mouth-piece of men in office. The COURIER-JOURNAL is the organ of the Democratic party; the organ of Democratic opinions; the organ of Democratic progress; *not* the organ of Democratic office-holders, the body-servant of Democratic politicians. Of these it asks nothing. It will observe towards each of them the strictest impartiality. But it will criticise their acts with entire candor. A pretty government we should have if the press of each party should become the mere apologist of its placemen, and the conduct of affairs should go on doubling up and obscuring the maladministration of the agents of the people, without any restraining check or critical balance. That would be very good for the *ins*, but how about the *outs*? And, above all, how about the people and the public service?

Whenever a man gets into office his first thought is "how shall I keep this office?" To the extent that he is moved by this consideration he becomes less faithful and more selfish. So much is human nature. But his faithlessness and selfishness take a peculiar form. And this is very comical. He advances his pretensions instead of being grateful and modest; he grows in grace according to his showing, and presently he is an apostle, full-blown, and differ from him, or to propose anything not countersigned by him, is treason to the party. We take a different view of it. Our notion is that he, of all men, is least able to establish lines of action and to issue orders of battle. He has always a personal motive which the mass of his fellows have not, and he ought to be watched and criticised constantly. To do this is not treason to the party, but duty to the party; and, when it is done in a truthful spirit, and not in the way of perversity, it is invaluable to the party.

So, when we say that the COURIER-JOURNAL is the organ of the Democratic party, not the mouth-piece of its politicians, we by no means imply that we are at war with the latter. We mean that we do not *belong* to them. We mean that they have their duties and that we have ours, and that, if we differ as to what is or ought to be, they must not undertake to question our fidelity or to read us out of a party in which we happen to hold rather the bigger hand. The reason is obvious. They always want something of the party. We want nothing. They are constantly shifting and changing and making new combinations and getting up meetings and conventions. We go along and spread our cards and play them "pat," making no combinations and not caring a cent who gets office and who doesn't, so that the winner be a good man. But even then we mean to keep our eye on him, for no man is so good as to be above suspicion. In a word, we support the Democratic party, whilst the Democratic office-holders are supported by it. The COURIER-JOURNAL costs the Democratic party nothing. The Democratic office-holders cost it much. They are not, therefore, in a situation to *dictate*, especially if we don't want to *go;* and we are glad to see that they have settled down into the very sensible and matter-of-fact conclusion that the old rule of raising up tests and issuing edicts has played out that the people possess both a little sense and a little knowledge, that they are able to read and decide for themselves and are pretty sure to do so. This is a good conclusion. For the man in office, who is a bit inflated, may presently be out of office. He can't hope to stay so always. He must expect soon or late to be beaten at his own game. Then, when he loses his office, he is just a common man like the rest of us and will indorse, as the people do, all that we have said.

We don't say it ill-naturedly. We repeat that we have no quarrel with the politicians, or the office-holders except as they have sought to fasten one upon us. These "remarks" are intended simply to explain the relation which exists between us. If they will understand that relation they will discover that it is one of mutual and thorough independence, not one of ill-will or distrust; and neither party has anything to fear by it, so long as both do the clean thing.

They shall never find us factious or illiberal. They shall always find us, we trust, no less generous than just. But they must remember that we support the Democratic party because we believe it to be right, and not because we expect to profit by it—that we support it as an organized assertion of our own opinions on cardinal points—that, supporting it, we desire to see it successful, and that the earnestness of our counsels is the result of sincere convictions, which are entitled at least to respect. They have not unfrequently called the COURIER-JOURNAL to account for offenses alleged against the three papers on which it has risen. The COURIER-JOURNAL was established the 8th of November, 1868. It answers only for its own antecedents. It should be held responsible for nothing that preceded that period. But within its record, and by its record, it is ready to stand or fall, holding that it has done good service to the Democratic party, to the State and to the people.

But we must stop, really. We grow garrulous. TOM MARSHALL once explained how it was that he spoke seven hours by stating that he had a pitcher of gin and sugar on the stand. The more he drank, the more he wanted to speak, and the longer he spoke, the more he wanted to drink. Just so. The oysters which have been sitting before us have been uncommon fine. Already we begin to feel them going to our head. We meant —when we began—to end with a beautiful flourish of patriotic trumpets and fireworks; to crack a Sunday joke or two; to get off some nice rhetorical flourishes, and squirt a few poetical quotations at the sentimental. But it won't do. We dare not venture on slushy ground. Reading over what we have written, it strikes us as being a little solemn. It may strike the reader as being a little dull. It is too late to help it; even the pyrotechnics and the poetry we fear, wouldn't do it; so, we can only say, we didn't intend it, and hope that for it, and for all our shortcomings, the gentle reader will extend us the New Year's charity. May it be of that quality which wears and covers a multitude of sins. May it keep us company all the year!

Grant and Sumner.

In the last interview which Judge DOUGLAS had with Mr. BUCHANAN prior to the famous Lecompton war, the President reminded the Illinois Senator of the dangerous ground he was treading, and suggested, by way of illustration, the fate of CALHOUN and RIVES. "Sir," replied the little giant, "let me remind you that *General Jackson is dead*," and bowed himself out of the executive presence. Nevertheless, the caution of Old Buck was wise; its disregard proved the downfall of DOUGLAS; and, had there been no great national combustion, the chances are that, if he had lived, he would have lost his seat in the Senate, just as he lost the Presidency, which, like CLAY and WEBSTER and CALHOUN, he hankered after with a singular infatuation late and early.

Mr. SUMNER has never incurred the suspicion of an overweening desire to fill the White House. He has preferred to take his own course where he is, and has been regarded any time these twenty years as a perverse, and, in many respects, an impracticable politician. He is understood by those who know him personally to be vain, wilful, obstinate, unamiable, and honest; an ingrate and a poltroon; a sort of compound between the hangman and the parson, with a dash of sentiment and ambition. His manners are lordly. His aspect is Roman. He affects the Ciceronic, but resembles DALBORN in the two particulars which that distinguished scion of the Royal militia represented as having proved his bane through life, that is, a martial exterior joined to the pluck of a chicken. In respect to SUMNER, however, the union has proved an advantage rather than a drawback. He has made his big front and grandiose airs pass for states manship, and his lack of courage to sneak by as philanthropy. Withal, he is an industrious and cultured man, with a taste for declamation and a talent for rhetorical patch-work, and, when his person is not exposed, is thoroughly aggressive, being sufficiently conceited and domineering to attempt any enterprise that promises to flatter his insatiate thirst for power and notoriety. Such, we say, is his character as sketched by his familiars. But there is a large and an extensively scattered class of people who have a very different notion of him. They began years ago by pitying him, and ever since they have forgiven his whims because they have believed him to be independent and upright. They read his speeches with delight. They watch his course with confidence. He is their model of a Christian statesman, who does not give up to party what was meant for mankind.

Thus Mr. SUMNER brings to his aid in the matter of San Domingo two elements which rarely act in concert, the element we have just named, and that larger element which believes the scheme of annexation to be a job, and considers the position of the Massachusetts Senator to be right in itself, and so supports it on its merits.

Gen. GRANT, on the other hand, seems to be an easy-go-lucky, good-natured, indelicate man, who has enough insensibility to balk at nothing, and is ready to pay all the offices within his gift for a good per centage in land or service. He runs the Administration as if it were a real estate exchange. To him the Government is an enlarged faro-bank. He is the dealer; and, whenever it is necessary to ring in a beveled deck, the cards are ready, marked and stocked. Personally, GRANT is a better man than SUMNER, certainly a more amiable and attractive man, and true to his friends as long as they stand by him and don't mind ugly work. He is also cool and resolute, has the thorough sporting temperament, and means mischief.

The relative positions of BUCHANAN and DOUGLAS, GRANT and SUMNER, bear no other resemblance than that which is superficial. BUCHANAN occupied and GRANT occupies the White House; DOUGLAS was a Senator and SUMNER is a Senator; but this is all. DOUGLAS was a party man. SUMNER is hardly that. BUCHANAN was a timid and scrupulous man in dealing with the public service. GRANT is certainly neither the one nor the other. DOUGLAS was amiable, ready and impulsive. SUMNER is brittle, heavy and disagreeable. BUCHANAN was stiff and cold, with an eye on propriety. GRANT is merely reticent, with an eye to business. SUMNER is not a match for MORTON in debate. DOUGLAS was the best debator of his time.

So things are mixed "considerable," as Mrs. GAMP would have it. 'Tis a pretty quarrel as it stands, and is not likely to abate in degree as it progresses. And it is likely to progress. Neither SUMNER nor GRANT is the man to draw out voluntarily, nor could they as the case is made up. It will go on perhaps increasing in bitterness, and, if the Democratic managers are wise, they can easily profit by it. SUMNER need not, and we dare say does not, fear the fate of CALHOUN and RIVES and DOUGLAS. The Presidency has not been his weak suit. The party has not been his specialty. Besides, he is apt to think, with the little giant, that General JACKSON and Mr. BUCHANAN are both dead. Besides, is he not pretty much of a giant himself?

Let us Have no Blood.

Now let us see what a reassembled Congress will do with San Domingo. We are apprehensive that the thing will yet end in personal violence—in the flowing of crimson tides of gore. When Senator SUMNER denounced Senator MORTON's resolution as an invitation to a dance of blood, little did he dream that his denunciation would come within less than an ace of provoking the President to invite *him* to a dance of blood—a perfectly sanguinary war-dance at Bladensburg. Little did he dream that in denouncing that resolution he was placing that godlike nose of his almost within the very grasp of an enraged BABCOCK—a BABCOCK who would rather wring a Senatorial anti-San Domingo nose any day than draw the highest prize in GOLLADAY's lottery. But such was unquestionably the case nevertheless. It it had not been for the merest, not to say the absurdest, accident in the world—the accident that Gen. GRANT was President of the United States—the chances are that either he or SUMNER would long since have had day's light flashing through him in the wake of an ounce of cold lead; and if the meeting had taken place, and GRANT had been made a demolition body by the unerring aim of the Massachusetts Senator, of course BABCOCK would have been on hand to resume the pistols and coffee where his fallen friend left off, and there is no sort of possibility that the thing could have been stopped short of two funerals at least.

We earnestly hope that the San Domingo business will now be taken up in a spirit of peace and brotherly love, and that it will be brought to a settlement without the effusion of blood. It is so exceedingly pleasant to see brethren dwelling together in unity that we must be permitted, as a personal friend of humanity and the national weal, to beseech Gen. GRANT, Gen. BABCOCK and Col. SUMNER—the last named of whom we thus brevet as a feeble mark of our admiration for his heroic courage—to make a united effort to quell their fiery, untamed spirits and to dispose of the business in hand without resorting to those extreme measures which are such a calamity not only to the widows and orphans that are made thereby, but to the nation at large, which cannot afford to lose any of these great and good men.

☞ It is said that M'lle ALMEE, JIMPSIE's new prima donna, wears a pair of ear-rings worth eighty thousand dollars, presented to her by the Emperor of Brazil. If the Empress has ever been made aware of the gift, the chances are that the giver is now the most baid-headed man in his dominions.

LITERARY.

I.

Bump's Law and Practice of Bankruptcy.

This work is the production of Orlando F. Bump, a register in bankruptcy, who has prepared and published therefrom a digest of the decisions on the Internal Revenue Law. The work is brought down to December 1, 1870. It includes the law of bankruptcy, together with all the rules and forms required to be used in a suit in bankruptcy, and notes referring to all the decisions up to the 1st of December, 1870. This work is entirely and exclusively what its character, and being in reality a commentary on a statute, is special in its nature.

Mr. Bump has written a treatise on the law of Bankruptcy, which forms a sort of introductory commentary on the statute, and having had an extensive experience with the theory and practice connected with his subject, his work comes to us bearing the impress of authority. It is lucidly and ably written; condensed in matter and forcible in expression. The notes of the decisions follow the sections to which they apply, and are used again in many instances as foot-notes to the text of the treatise. The treatise is the notes of the decisions, arranged in a logical, systematic and scholarly way as to give any one a connected conception of the theory and practice of bankruptcy. The work justly deserves the rank and position of a standard authority which we hope it will soon attain. The book is just published by Baker, Voorhes & Co., and bears their imprint for the year of 1871.

II.

Brightly's Federal Digest.

Frederick C. Brightly, a member of the Philadelphia bar, who published some time since the first volume of this able work, has issued volume second. This work is a digest of the decisions of the Federal Courts from the organization of the Government to the present time. Volume second embraces the period of 1868 to 1871, or rather to the fall of 1870. The work is executed with great ability and forms a complement to the United States Digest, with which every lawyer is well acquainted. It is composed with greater rapidity than the latter, but we venture the indorsement that it is as reliable. The objections made to volume first are, in a measure, applicable to this one, and, in fact, are inseparable from the immense digest of decisions following their delivery so as to be in the library with the printed reports, and be as it were their best index. The author has chosen the only correct plan upon which a digest can be written, which is to give the principal point of the decision, or, even if that was presided by a statement of the facts of the case, the case would or ought to be examined by a careful and studious lawyer, who was conscientious in the discharge of his professional duties. By the plan adopted he saves great labor to himself; by the other he would impose a burden, but increase his own and not lessen the inaccuracy of the book. Whatever may be its faults, and they are but few, and whatever its errors, and they are not many or grievous, let gratitude check us in the expression of our judgment of the former or soften our opinion as to the latter, because the author has done a great work most excellently well in a very short time.

The work is published by Kay & Brother, of Philadelphia, and is gotten up in very fine style. If there can be any objection to the manner performed by the publishers, it can be found only in the size of the type, which is almost too small for constant use. It is, however, remarkably distinct, and printed on very good paper, not in any the slightest degree dingy in its color. There are two things in which there can be any objection, to the publishers, and these only in the very fine style. In there can be any objection,

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

WEDNESDAY.

In the Senate, numerous petitions were presented from individuals for the removal of political disabilities, and from Western miners, asking protection against certain railroad corporations, which are draining their farm in the same house. Ingram has been rather intemperate for some time, and for several days prior to the 24th, wife had been constantly in a state of intoxication. During the night of the 23d, he did not go to bed, but remained in his chair about the fire. In the morning early, he became somewhat boisterous, and threatened to throw a child of Mr. Herrington into the fire, whereupon Mrs. Herrington severely rebuked Ingram. Ingram then turned upon Mrs. Herrington, cursing her and declaring that he would cut her throat. In the meantime, Herrington was still in the bed, and he said to Ingram that he must behave himself. In response to Herrington's remark, Ingram declared that he would kill him, and approached the bed with a large knife drawn, as if he designed to cure it upon Herrington, whereupon the latter seized a hatchet and with it struck Ingram upon the side about the head, which resulted in a speedy death. Mr. Herrington was arraigned before Judge Williamson, of Woodbury, and after undergoing an examination, was discharged, the homicide being justifiable. Col. J. P. Bates appeared as counsel for the defense, and George Dockery, county Attorney, for the prosecution. This case furnished only another instance of the ruinous effects of intemperance.

A fashionable boarding-house in Twenty-first street, New York, has the following rules and regulations, which are furnished to every boarder: "Notice to Boarders—The gentlemen must not put their feet on the mantel in my parlor, nor on the window in summer, and the lady must not write her name on the glass with a quartz pin. The single gentlemen must not play the trombone, cornet, or any such instrument exceeding $300. Referred. The bill for the relief of J. Milton Best, of Kentucky, was taken up and discussed, but the Senate adjourned without action on it.

In the House, the bill providing for celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of American Independence was discussed, several members objecting to Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Richmond, Va., and Cincinnati were severally mentioned, when the House came to a vote it found itself without a quorum. Mr. Banks said he would ask the House to consider the San Domingo resolutions on Monday next. The annual appropriation bill was made the special order for Wednesday next. It appropriates nearly forty millions more than last year. Mr. Beck reported a bill making an additional appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars for the improvement of the Louisville and Portland canal, which was made the special order for Tuesday next. Bills were introduced and referred as follows: To extend the benefits of the homestead policy to disabled soldiers and sailors, and to widows, orphans, and dependents and relatives of those who died in the service of the country. To provide that no person shall hereafter be allowed except in case where wounds or disabilities were contracted in actual battle, or during a state of war. Also, to repeal so much of the national currency act of July 1870, as provides that no bank association shall have a circulation in excess of $500,000. Requiring bridges of the Mississippi and their tributaries at various points.

SATURDAY.

The session of the House was devoted exclusively to general debate, in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Wilson, of Minnesota, in the chair. Mr. Rogers made a speech on the late exposure of the Republican frauds at the late election in Arkansas. Mr. Munger addressed the House on the dangers to be apprehended from continuance of Chinese immigration. Mr. Smith, of Tennessee defended Governor Clayton, of Arkansas, from aspersions cast upon him in the preceding day's debate. A long discussion ensued as to the proper construction of a clause in the Arkansas Constitution disfranchising all persons who had once sworn support to the Constitution unless they voted for that Constitution or sustained the reconstruction policy of Congress. The discussion was participated in by Messrs. Smith, of Tennessee, Rogers, of Maryland, Niblack, Ferris, Forcer and McCormick. The House adjourned at 4 o'clock.

HORRORS OF CHRISTIANITY

As Portrayed by the Heathen Chinee.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

It is interesting, sometimes, to know what distant races think of us. We believe the prevailing conception of the United States, thanks to christianity, is, that it is the religion of man-stealing. Before us lies a pamphlet translated from the Chinese by the Christian missionaries at Tung Chow, and officially circulated in China by the aid of the Mandarins and Emperor. It is a terrible picture of the continued succession of debaucheries, crimes, and incantations, some gross and licentious, some impossible and puerile. The Christians are represented as having the marvellous art of extracting the livers and hearts of children. The doubtless comes from the literal meaning of the word "heart," when to such texts as, "My son, give me thy heart," and the frequent y with which disciples are urged to give their hearts to Christ, does not permit us to describe the lascivious associations with which the "heathen Chinee" are taught to regard baptism, communion, confession, and "love feasts." The following item of information relative to our own habits will serve to show us how little we know about ourselves:

"Adherents of this religion whose bodies are disemboweled after death are called 'saints of the first class.' Those who have only their heads cut off are called 'saints of the middle class.' Those whose hands and feet and noses cut off are the 'inferior saints.' Children dying in infancy are called 'virgin gems.' When women die during the time of the chest die they are called 'chaste gem.' Women dying in pregnancy are spoken of as 'carrying their child with them to the western house.' In case of Taouist and Buddhist teachers eject all the relatives and friends from the house, and the corpse is put into the coffin with the utmost care. Pictures are secretly taken out, and the orifices sealed up with a plaster. This they call 'sealing the eyes for the western journey.' They also envelop the body in a bag of red cloth, which process is call 'enwombing.' If any are unwilling to conform to these burial customs, the teachers report it to the Emperor, the court of inquiry for the trial of Admirals Gordon and Davis for neglect of duty in rendering proper and opportune aid to the American Minister so that the foreigners were seized and held a prisoner by President Lopez. A resolution censuring Admiral Gordon was also adopted without a dissenting voice. Ingraming the Committee on Public Lands to inquire into the expediency of providing by law that every officer, soldier, and sailor who served ninety days in the army of the Union, and was honorably discharged, shall receive one hundred and sixty acres of public land as a homestead; the actual term of service to count as part of the five years required by the homestead act of 1862, was adopted, and the House adjourned.

Monetary and Commercial.

OFFICE OF THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL, }
SATURDAY EVENING, Jan. 7, 1871. }

There is still a great complaint about the stringent money market, but No. 1 names can get accommodations at somewhat regular bank when good security is offered.

EXCHANGE—Is growing scarce, but the banks sell to depositors at par, and buy at 1-10 discount, New Orleans exchange is in some demand, but will not sell for set-ter than par.

GOLD—There is not much gold offered, and the bankers cannot keep a supply sufficient to meet the wants of daily payers. The price varies very little; it opened at 110¾, touched 110⅞, and closed at 110¾.

AGENCY, Morton, Gait & Co., bankers, furnish the following quotations:

	Buying.	Selling.
Gold		111
Silver bars and quarters	100¾	
Silver dimes	104¾	

Quoting forward on gold:

1870.	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
January	110¾	111¼	110	110¾
February	110¾	111¾	110	111¾
March	111	116⅜	110¾	112
April	111¾	113¾	111¾	113¾
May	113¾	115¾	113¾	114¾
June	114¾	114¾	109¾	111¾
July	111¾	112¾	111¾	112¾
August	112¾	112	111¾	111
September	111¾	112¾	111¾	112¾
October	112¾	113¾	112¾	113¾
November	113¾	113¾	110¾	111¾
December	111¾	111¾	110¾	111
Jan. 1		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 2		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 3		111¾	111	111¾
" 4		111¾	110¾	110¾
" 5		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 6		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 7		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 8		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 9		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 10		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 11		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 12		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 13		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 14		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 15		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 16		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 17		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 18		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 19		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 20		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 21		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 22		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 23		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 24		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 25		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 26		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 27		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 28		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 29		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 30		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 31		110¾	110¾	110¾

Government Bonds—Have changed hands much more freely to-day than is generally noticeable in this market. The general tendency is upward. Our bankers make about 1 per cent. margin buying and sell close to New York prices.

Bagley, Gait & Co. quote:

Coupons '81	109¾	110¼
" '65	107¾	108¼
" '65	107¾	108¼
" '67	107¾	108¼
" '68	107¾	108¼
" new '65	107¾	108¼
" '67	107¾	108¼
" '68	107¾	108¼
10-40s	106¾	106¾
Currency 6s	109¾	110¼

The following table shows the course of Government bonds for the past three days:

	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Dy.
Coupons, '81	110¾	110¾	110¾	¾
" '65	108	108	108¾	¾
" '65	108	108	108¾	¾
" '67	108	108	108¾	¾
" '68	108	108	108¾	¾
" '65 (new)	107¾	107¾	107¾	¾
" '67	107¾	107¾	107¾	¾
" '68	107¾	107¾	107¾	¾
10-40 coupons	106¾	106¾	106¾	¾
"	110	110	110	¾

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS—Hold their own well, and the majority of securities have advanced. The transactions, however, are confined to small lots.

Morton, Gait & Co., bankers, furnish the following quotation:

STOCKS.	Bid.	Asked.
National Bank, First	139	140
National Bank, 8 cond	96	98
National Bank, Third	95	97
National Bank, City	101	102
Bank of America	98	100
Bank of Kentucky	94	95
Bank of Louisville	87	88
Mechanics' Bank	114	116
Commercial Bank	75	76
Northern Bank	119	120
Citizens' Bank	102	103
People's Bank	95	97
Masonic Bank	102	103
Heyser Bank	98	100
Security Bank	113	114
German Bank	110	111
West'n Fiduc'l Corporation Bank	90	91
Central Savings Bank	94	96
Louisville Insurance Co. Bank	95	96
Farm'rs' and Drovers' Bank	100	101
Financial and Manufac'g Bank	98	100
Louisville Insurance Co. Stock	100	
German Insurance Co. Bank	134	135
Louisville Gas Company	129	130
Jeff., Mad. and Ind. R. R. Co	36	40
Louis., Cin. and Lex. R. R. com'n	43	45
Louis., Cin. and Lex. R. R. pref	85	87
Louisville and Nashville R. R.	79	80¾
Gas Company stock	110	112

BONDS.		
City for improvements, 6 per c	74	76
City for bounty, 6 per c	75	76
City for schools, 6 per c	75	76
City for wharf, old, 6 per c	75	76
City for wharf, new, 6 per c	75	76
City for water-works, 6 per c	75	76
City for L. & N. R. R., 6 per c	75	76
City for L. & N. R. R., 6 per c	75	76
City for E. & P. R. R., 7 per c	88	90
Jeff. and Mad. R. R. bonds, 7 per c	89	90
Gas for old liabilities, 5 yrs, 7 per c	93	95
City for school purposes, 7 per c	84	85
Water-works bonds, 6 per c	80	90
Canal bonds, second issue, 6 per c	88	90
Canal bonds, third issue, 6 per c	75	76
Canal bonds, fourth issue, 6 per c	75	76
Kentucky State bonds, old, 6 per c	99	100
Kentucky State bonds, new, 6 per c	99	100
Ohio River Bridge Co., 7 per c	87	89
L. & N. R. R. Co., old, 7 per c	88	89¾
L. & N. R. R. Co., new, 7 per c	88	89¾
L. & L. R. R., 1st mort., 7 per c	84	85
L. & L. R. R., 2d mort., 8 per c	80	85
L. & M. I. R. R., 1st mort., 7 per c	80	81
L. & M. I. R. R., 2d mort., 7 per c	73	75
E. & P. R. R., 1st mort., 8 per c	85	90
Grayson county, 7 per c	75	78
Muhlenburg county, 7 per c	73	75
Lyon county, 7 per c	71	73
Caldwell county, 7 per c	75	78
McCracken county, 7 per c	69	70
Shelby county, 8 per c		90
Carroll county bonds, 8 per c		90

Bonds marked * are sold with interest added.

Homicide in Warren County.

[From Bowling Green Democrat.]

Saturday morning, the 24th ult., at an early hour, a fearful homicide occurred in the neighborhood of Scaggs' Mill, in this county. The circumstances of the deed, as related to us, were about as follows: Two men, named Cinck Herrington and James Ingram, with their wives, have been occupying a single farm in the same house. Ingram has been rather intemperate for some time, and for several days prior to the 24th, wife had been constantly in a state of intoxication. During the night of the 23d, he did not go to bed, but remained in his chair about the fire. In the morning early, he became somewhat boisterous, and threatened to throw a child of Mr. Herrington into the fire, whereupon Mrs. Herrington severely rebuked Ingram. Ingram then turned upon Mrs. Herrington, cursing her and declaring that he would cut her throat. In the meantime, Herrington was still in the bed, and he said to Ingram that he must behave himself. In response to Herrington's remark, Ingram declared that he would kill him, and approached the bed with a large knife drawn, as if he designed to cure it upon Herrington, whereupon the latter seized a hatchet and with it struck Ingram upon the side about the head, which resulted in a speedy death. Mr. Herrington was arraigned before Judge Williamson, of Woodbury, and after undergoing an examination, was discharged, the homicide being justifiable. Col. J. P. Bates appeared as counsel for the defense, and George Dockery, county Attorney, for the prosecution. This case furnished only another instance of the ruinous effects of intemperance.

Weekly Review of the Markets.

APPLES—The market has ruled quiet but steady during the past week. A fair demand has been reported, but the bulk of the late large receipts have been limited. We quote fair to prime apples at $4 50 to 4 50, and choice to fine at $5 to $6 per bbl.

ALCOHOL—Prices are firm under the influence of advanced quotations for highwines, and our quotations are $1 90 per gallon.

ALE—We have no change to note in quotations. Stocks are ample to enable dealers to respond to the wants of the trade. We quote the Louisville cream ale at $13 per bbl; stock ale at $12 per bbl; Louisville ale at $12; porter at $13 per bbl.

BROOMS—Dealers are well supplied with the various descriptions, prices range from $1 75 per dozen for common in round hoop to fine manufacturers and agents to $3 50 for prime Shaker brooms. Some fancy brooms are held at $4 per dozen.

BALING TWINE—Is quiet, with light sales at 9c per pound.

BAGGING—The tendency of prices is found lots is to lower quotations, and sales have been made at 23c. and no further concessions would be made for cash. Orders are rather dull, and the season for active trade is over. Sales of hemp of the new crop will be made in small lots on time orders at 27 to 28c per lb.

BATTING—8 ocks are ample to meet the demand, and prices are quotable unchanged. Dealers quote extra at 21@22c, No. 1 at 20, and No. 2 at 18@18½c per lb.

BEESWAX—Receipts are light and prices steady. We quote at 27@28c for fair to prime lots on arrival. Occasional sales are reported at a trifle less than our figures.

BAGS—There is a very limited demand for the various descriptions of grain-bags, and seamless cotton bags are held at 20c per piece, paid, and a very light demand for gunnies is reported.

2-bushel, seamless bags	31¼@33
2-bushel	25¾@34
3-bushel	¾
4-bushel burlaps	20 @22
5-bushel	22 @23
Gunnies, in bales	22 @23½
Gunnies, resewed	24 @25

BROOM-CORN—A light demand is reported, and sales are made at prices ranging from $ 60 to $80 per ton.

BUTTER—The market during the week has been well supplied with country butter, and sales have been made in lots on arrival at 18@25c per lb for common to choice qualities. Choice Reserve butter is steady at 30@33c per lb, and a fair demand for New York Goshen butter is reported, with sales at 40@45c. We note sales to-day of 1,000 lbs country at 18@30c.

BRANS—Are in fair supply, and we quote common at bbl. at $1 75@2 00, and navy at $2 25@2 50 per bushel.

BARK—The market rules steady for chestnut oak, and dealers are paying from $20 to $30 per car-load at depot.

CEMENT—Is unchanged with a fair demand for the season, and we continue to quote at $1 50@2 00 per bbl. Sales to-day include 665 bbls.

COAL—The city demand has been active during the week, and sales are made at $6 50 per load of 25 bushels.

COTTON YARNS, CARPET CHAIN AND CANDLEWICK—The market for cotton yarns has been quiet, and dealers have reduced quotations. We also note a decline in wicking and carpet chain. The following quotations are for nominal en and the best standard brands:

No. 500, per dozen, at	12¾@13	c
" 600, " at	11¾@12½	c
" 700, " at	9¾@10½	c
Round yarns	9¾@10½	c
Carpet chain	30 @33½	c
Candle wick	30 @32½	c

CANDLES—Are in fair request, and prices are steady at 10c for common, and 12½@13c for choice to prime lots.

CHEESE—The market rules steady, with ample stocks. We quote:

Mackerel, No. 1, medium and large	23 00@25 00	
Do No. 2, do or bbl	18 50@19 00	
Do No. 3, do or bbl	8 50@9 00	
Do No. 1, large	13 50@14 00	
Do No. 2, do	11 50@12 00	
Do No. 3, do or half bbl	7 00@8 00	
Do No. 1, kits	1 90@2 00	
Do No. 2, kits	1 60@1 70	
Do No. 3, kits	1 40@1 50	
White fish, half bbl, No. 1	7 50@8 00	
Do No. 2	7 00@	
Do No. 3	5 50@6 00	
Herring, Holland	20 00@22 00	
Sardines	2 25@ 30	
Oysters, 1 lb cans	1 50@1 75	
Do 2 lb cans	2 50@2 80	

FOREIGN FRUITS—We have no change to note in prices. Oranges and lemons are firm with a good demand. We quote o anges at $10@18 per box; lemons at $6@8 per box; Malaga grapes at $6@8 per keg; Zante currants 10@15c per lb.

FLOUR—There has been a fair local demand for flour during the past week, but sales for shipment to south-rn and Eastern markets have been of limited magnitude. Prices have undergone no quotable change, but under the firmer ruling for wheat, millers and dealers have been correspondingly firm in their views. We note sales of some 500 bbls assorted grades within the range of the following quotations:

Superfine	$4 00@4 25
Extra	4 25@4 75
Family	4 75@5 00
No. 3	5 00@5 25
Fancy	5 50@5 75
Rye flour	4 50@4 75

FURS AND PELTRIES—Receipts are upon a more liberal basis, and dealers are paying the following quotations:

Mink	20@30c
Raccoon skins	$1 25@2 00
"	20c
Gray Fox	20c
Wild Cat	5c
Otter	$3 50@4 50
Muskrat	50@61
Beaver, per lb	150@250
Sheep, "	40@50c

FIRE BRICK—Are in full demand, and price rule steady at $25 per 1,000.

GAME—The weather has been favorable for the receipts of all descriptions of game, and the market has been well supplied, and for various descriptions prices have ruled lower. We quote quail on arrival at $1 25 per dozen; squirrels at $1 00 per dozen; rabbits at $1 per dozen; wild turkeys at $5 5@6 00 per doz; Mallard ducks $4 @4 50 per doz; common $3 50 per dozen; wild geese $5 per doz; prairie chickens $1 25@1 50 per doz; partridges $1 50@2 00 per doz; woodcock $2 50@3 00 per doz.

GINSENG—Is in good demand, and we quote prices firmat 65@75c per lb.

GRAIN—WHEAT—The market for the week under review has presented no features claiming special attention or remark. While prices have not advanced, there is now a firmer feeling manifested, and, with slight receipts, full prices have been realized by millers and dealers. Advices from other markets are calculated to strengthen the views of holders, and the general feeling is one of additional duty. He ranged the case with us by saying: "I am not a believer in the doctrine of a single-handed government man, and waiving his dexter fingers toward all the world on that side, declared that it was all east of the cane brake." It is easy to see that by a natural association of ideas this official had placed the transport moved by oriental means, say in camels or dromedaries. It only requires a little courage but also additional ten per cent. levy, the power being brought from east of the Cape of Good Hope.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Nashville, Jeffersonville, Ohio and Mississippi and New Albany rail roads, and by the river.

[Furnished by the Board of Trade.]

Articles.	Imports.	Exports
Corn, ears twenty-four hours, by the Pranaxton,		20
address, etc., wheat		153
Bacon, lbs	14	30
Sundries, packages		27
Flour, bbls	65	269
Shingles, pcs	100	20,000
Lumber, feet	1700	20,000
Cotton yarns, bdls	4	2
Coffee, bags	482	484
Sugar, hhds	4	74
Tobacco, lbs	74	141
Cattle, head		615
Hogs, head		153
Dried fruit, sks	76	
Rags, bales	13	2
Flour, bbls	205	302
Feathers, sks	2	
Bones, lbs	161	
Hogs, head	1055	
Hay, tons		84
Iron, pgs, tons	18	228
Lard, lbs	2	30
Leather, sides	23	60
Molasses, bbls		30
Machinery, pcs		14
Nails, kegs	5	159
Oil, bbls	123	1,181
Nuts, bags		78
Pork, pcs		13
Spirits, bbls		30
Rice, bags	107	
Sugar, sks	175	13
Seeds, bgs	10	94
Potatoes, bbls	280	120
Tobacco, hhds	23	55
Tobacco, cases	24	
Whisky, bbls	324	510
Tobacco, pkgs	323	

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Flour, bbls	205	302
Feathers, sks	2	
Bones, lbs	161	
Hogs, head	1055	
Hay, tons		84
Iron, pgs, tons	18	228
Lard, lbs	2	30
Leather, sides	23	60
Molasses, bbls		30
Machinery, pcs		14
Nails, kegs	5	159
Oil, bbls	123	1,181
Nuts, bags		78
Pork, pcs		13
Spirits, bbls		30
Rice, bags	107	
Sugar, sks	175	13
Seeds, bgs	10	94
Potatoes, bbls	280	120
Tobacco, hhds	23	55
Tobacco, cases	24	
Whisky, bbls	324	510
Tobacco, pkgs	323	

Monetary and Commercial.

OFFICE OF THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL, }
SATURDAY EVENING, Jan. 7, 1871. }

There is still a great complaint about the stringent money market, but No. 1 names can get accommodations at somewhat regular bank when good security is offered.

EXCHANGE—Is growing scarce, but the banks sell to depositors at par, and buy at 1-10 discount. New Orleans exchange is in some demand, but will not sell for set-ter than par.

GOLD—There is not much gold offered, and the bankers cannot keep a supply sufficient to meet the wants of daily payers. The price varies very little; it opened at 110¾, touched 110⅞, and closed at 110¾.

AGENCY, Morton, Gait & Co., bankers, furnish the following quotations:

	Buying.	Selling.
Gold		111
Silver bars and quarters	100¾	
Silver dimes	104¾	

Quoting forward on gold:

1870.	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
January	110¾	111¼	110	110¾
February	110¾	111¾	110	111¾
March	111	116⅜	110¾	112
April	111¾	113¾	111¾	113¾
May	113¾	115¾	113¾	114¾
June	114¾	114¾	109¾	111¾
July	111¾	112¾	111¾	112¾
August	112¾	112	111¾	111
September	111¾	112¾	111¾	112¾
October	112¾	113¾	112¾	113¾
November	113¾	113¾	110¾	111¾
December	111¾	111¾	110¾	111
Jan. 1		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 2		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 3		111¾	111	111¾
" 4		111¾	110¾	110¾
" 5		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 6		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 7		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 8		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 9		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 10		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 11		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 12		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 13		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 14		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 15		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 16		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 17		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 18		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 19		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 20		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 21		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 22		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 23		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 24		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 25		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 26		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 27		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 28		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 29		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 30		110¾	110¾	110¾
" 31		110¾	110¾	110¾

A Kentuckian the Oldest Living Ex-Member of Congress.

[Communication in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The Hon. George Robertson, of Lexington, Ky., now in his eighty-first year, and present Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of his State, entered Congress at the December session 1815, contemporaneously with Governor Lumpkin. Judge Robertson remained in Congress a number of years, and was, perhaps, the only survivor of the celebrated Missouri Compromise Congress. In 1827 he was appointed a Judge of the Court of Appeals, and in the fall of that year succeeded Chief Justice Boyle, one of the famous "old court" judges. He served as Chief Justice about sixteen years, when he resigned. Afterward by on sundry occasions represented Fayette county in the State Legislature, and was Speaker of the House of Representatives.

In the summer of 1849, when in order to secure the election of the Radical candid

...-Journal.
...AY, JAN. 11, 1871.

...TAIL TALK.

...wed a Zanesville belle. Phil. ...

...ng Eagle.

...ce of night puts a New Yorker in the ...sail with the lid on."

...Mayor of Boston has ordered and Bos...nians that she hasn't another Shurtleff.

...ch Germans believe they have discovered or ...ented the principle of 800,000 Frenchmen ...the beginning of the war.

...Louisville Commercial is accused of ...that an Seebach's Mary Stuart "we ...and hear the unquenchable passion that ...all things husands."

...ew English residents of La Prairie, Wis., ...ssed to the music of a coarse comb the ...ther night. They of course danced to a ...anter of familiar hails.

...Commercial "General" has invented an ...chanical ...good for 500 years. He advertises ...d it any man, after using it 300 years, isn't ...satisfied with it, another almanac will be furn...

...Ohio girl "can always tell Sunday ...orning, from any other day in the ...week, from the number of men and boys...out ...d young, with guns and revolvers, making ...for the woods and people's farms."

...writing of the death of "another old cit...," a Cincinnati paper says that "about ...year 1840 his store was moved to the cor...er of Main and Fourth streets." Cincinnati ...s been quite a town in those days.

...ople will be sensitive about their names. ...e now reported that Col. George Stone...an of Artesos, wants it understood that ...e's not the stone man that's going about the ...country pasting himself off as John Henry ...ne.

...Racine dentist whose clothes were found ...n the beach at Long Branch last summer, ...ho was supposed to have been drowned, ...as turned up in Chicago, where he has been ...living on the proceeds of his $10,000 life in...rance policy.

...The remains of George Peabody have been ...removed from the tomb in which they were ...placed in Harmony Grove Cemetery, ...Salem, Mass., as a result in part of the ...same persecution those of his par...nts and sisters.

...The Cincinnati Commercial is now making ...garbled extracts from the Memphis Avalanche ...to prove that all the dirty things said by the ...Cincinnati press about Lee can have nothing ...whatever to do with Southern trade. This is ...just like Cincinnati."

...A woman in Milwaukee left her house recently, and returned to find her infant child ...mangled and partially devoured by a hog. An officer of the law was about to shoot the animal, when she plaintively begged him not to ...do so, "as her loss was heavy enough already." —[Ex.

...In Minnesota recently a little girl and boy wandered away from the house of their father, and subsequently were found dead by the inmates. The boy lay on his back, having apparently died without much suffering. The girl had taken her rings from her ears, and, ...wrapping them, with a lock of her hair, in a small piece of cloth, had put the little parcel in her pocket, and then lain down and died down cold and hungry.

...The Cincinnati Enquirer thinks the daughter of Gen. Anderson has taken her ducks to a poor market, like the majority of English and American women who have married Italian counts. "The Italian count, as a general thing, is a blighted being, addicted to ...drink, gambling, and occasionally beating his wife when she fails to provide him with money enough to pursue his elegant recreations."

...An Administration organ in Washington thinks this about Sumner: "It is a humiliating confession to the country, It is peculiarly mortifying to a constituency who have been represented by a Webster, a Choate, an Everett, and an Adams, to see a man whom they had once honored conveyed of literary and political blunders, the rebuilding of private contentment, of a lack of fealty to principle and sincerity, of a betrayal of the sacred trusts confided to him by his people, of a breach of faith with the President, and a willful violation of versacity."

...The Philadelphia Press, the only comic paper now extant in America, advises Grosvenor of the St. Louis Democrat, to follow up his book "Does Protection Protect?" with a something like this: "Does Collection Collect?"—a treatise on finance. "Do Corporations Connect?"—a railroad handy book. "Does Correction Correct?"—a manual for reformers and professed-seers. "Do Prohibition Project?"—a paper on ordnance. "Does Division Divide?"—a tract on mathematics. "Does Stultification Stultify?"—a ...

...As his person is concerned, the Duke ...is stronger to-day in his weakness, ...for as it used to generous and chivalric ...day, than he would have been surrounded by the glittering bayonets of Prim's ...He has no element of character to ...resentment. Feeble in intellect, ...in feebleness, and effeminate in organ...ng, he will be rewarded and treated as ...instrument of one whom violence ...removed. Topete, who is invest...extraordinary functions, will at least ...him with a manly protection, until ...can act for itself.—[Washington

...Nothing has Mr. Greeley's heavenly disposition cropped out more than in this, which ...points in the Tribune of Tuesday: "Mr. ...H. Surratt is, in our view, about as desirable a creature as Slavery ever spawned ...on Christian Calvary nourished; but Free Speech ...is a right too precious and not to be forever ...upheld on whatever pretext. We would walk a long mile to get out of hearing of the miscreant's stupid 'lecture' on Booth's execrable ...crime; but we insist that Surratt be allowed to speak wherever he can find willing hearers. Free Speech may be, may punish him according to the law; but do not let the sacred right of Free Utterance be outraged in his unworthy person. If you are doing God's work, reject the Devil's weapons!"

...Mrs. Belknap was a Southern lady, daughter of Dr. Tomlinson, who represented one of the oldest and most respected families of Hardeburg, Kentucky. She was a most estimable lady, and her death is deeply deplored by all who knew her. After the death of her father she went to reside in Keokuk, Iowa, ...where her brother was an officer in the Confederate army, and General Samuel W. Ferguson, and during the war was captured near Meridian, Miss. It was during her efforts to secure his release from captivity that she was brought in contact with General Belknap, who was a widower, and the acquaintance which was thus formed between them resulted in their marriage. Subsequent to that event she spent several seasons on the Rhine, and ...while she was universally admired wherever she went during her sojourn in Europe Her family has been predisposed to consumption, and after the birth of her daughter, some two months ago, her health has been gradually on the decline.—[Herald.

...Mr. Sumner may as well make up his mind that the San Domingo project is going to succeed. The whole opposition to the measure is behind it, and Congressmen are coming in on all sides. On looking carefully through the Senate debate I can not resist the conclusion that Mr. Edmunds is preparing to change sides. He was one of the ablest of the opponents last year. Perhaps I do him injustice, but I find that such is the general impression in political circles here. The result will show. The President would like very much to have the controversy settled by this Congress, but I don't see how he is going to gain that point. The "commission" can not possibly report till the last of February, and the opponents of annexation can carry it over to the next Congress. Then the new Congress will have to step into the spring and "annexation" is successful, or defeated finally, for it will never do to allow such a controversy to go over to the summer of 1872, when a national convention will meet to nominate the next President.—[Springfield Rep. Letter.

...A Cincinnati Commercial reporter has interviewed the folks at the National Theater. Miss Eva Brent, who sings operatic ballads and has a fine voice, was introduced to the reporter. She inquired if Nilsson sang here next week. Upon being answered in the negative she asked: "Well, you folks here are going to be disappointed in her." "Why? Do you mean agreeably disappointed?" "No. I mean just the other way. She is no more to be compared to Patti than I am, and that is saying a wide margin." This last with a ...sparkle. "She is pretty and ...graceful looking, and her ways will take, but she has not the voice you ...look for. You see I am an English girl ...and have heard them all in my own ...city." "How will she compare with Parepa?" was the enthusiastic exclamation. "Why, she has incomparably the ...voice to any of them. I am a good deal ...Europe's style in a small way." "Do you mean in figure?" the reporter was ungallant enough to inquire. For Miss Brent is a ...little inclined to embonpoint. "Well, perhaps" ...she said, "but then in singing ...what do you say to that little young ...man?" "Young! Why, how old do ...you suppose Hervee is?" "Oh, she's —, if she's ...a day." She spoken with all the vengeful ...spleen. But the good-hearted ...Miss Brent, sense of a hereafter, declared the dreadful assertion in full ...

...Physiologists have declared that ...depends on animal food, and ...the Germans are no longer given ...that Parisian courage will ...the Germans are doing their ...Parisians by expatriating ...which they have prepared ...They capitulate. The jour...Germans are ...

VALERIE AYLMER.

A NOVEL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

As the days went on, and the time of Miss Riviere's *debut* approached, a knowledge of the fact which, up to that time, had been kept a partial secret, began to transpire among her friends and acquaintances. Consequent upon this, the poor child was forced to run a gauntlet of inquiries and remonstrances, of dark intimations of failure, and darker threats of disapprobation, that in such a case would be enforced against her and hers. All this came suddenly and without preparation, and those who knew her best scarcely realized the courage with which she had nerved herself for the issue until they saw how gallantly she breasted this preliminary storm of opposition. If such an ordeal had been foretold for her, no doubt they would all have feared that it would shake her resolution. But on the contrary, it only seemed to strengthen it. Inquiries she answered with calm affirmation; remonstrances she put aside with quiet disdain: while the threats of social penalty brought a more scornful light to her eyes than had ever been seen there before. "What is your idol to me?" she cried, contemptuously. "When we were rich and prosperous, society was at our feet—in our reverses, it has barely tolerated us, extending one finger when we met! Now it may ignore us, for all I care. Our friends we shall keep—the rest are better lost than retained!" For the prophecies of failure, she had only one answer—"That remains to be proved." And, as she went on her way, all faithful and unsparing of labor to herself, all gentleness and tenderness to her parents, all steadfast defiance to the world, many a one thought, and Valerie among them, that they had never witnessed a more touching and beautiful sight.

But still there were moments when the head dropped and the courage gave way—moments when the poor little flower came to her friend trembling and downcast. "Oh, I dread it so unspeakably!" she would say, with her wistful eyes full of tears. "I am afraid—oh, I am terribly afraid! I feel as if I should not be able to utter one note when I stand before all that sea of faces. I feel as if something would rise up in my throat and choke me, and that I shall end by disgracing myself."

"And gratifying all your kind friends," said Miss Aylmer, coolly. "Don't forget that!"

"Yes, that is just it!" she cried passionately. "It almost kills me to think how they will exult and shake their heads, and say, 'Poor thing, I told her so!' And when I think of them, I feel that I will succeed!"

"Think of them all the time, then."

"Ah, but sometimes even that thought fails me. Sometimes I feel as if to meet the cold glances and the critical eyes must extinguish all my courage, and that I shall cover my face with my hands and cry out to Mr. Rosenberg to take me away. I can see myself do it, as plainly as if I were looking at a picture."

"Alix, you must put such fancies as these out of your head—you must not encourage them. They are enough to make you fail. There is no danger—there cannot be the least danger—if you do not give way to nervous fear. Think what your failure would be to your parents!"

"I do think of it," she answered, mournfully. "That thought alone enables me to persevere. I try to remember that God has given me one talent—one poor little ewe-lamb—and I mean not to struggle with my own hands when it may enable me to aid them. But Valerie, Valerie, it is hard—harder than I ever thought it would be!"

Mrs. Riviere, too, confided to Valerie forebodings which were never by any chance betrayed to Alix herself. "She suffers very much," the mother said; "and it pains me to the heart to think that I cannot aid her in bearing it. My poor child! So young, and so totally unfit for such a burden!"

"But she has such a brave heart," Miss Aylmer answered. "And she is so confident of her own power! Do not fear. She is resolved to succeed—she will do so."

Mrs. Riviere shook her head. All Alix's buoyant bearing had not availed to deceive those watchful eyes. "You are mistaken," she said. "You do not look so closely as I do, or you would hear many a quiver under those gay tones, and see many a doubt lurking under that bright smile. She is brave, but she is fighting against her own fear. I begin to dread lest it prove an unequal combat; I begin to think that at the very last she may fail, from mere nervous terror."

"I cannot think so," Miss Aylmer said —but, in truth, she began to be dismayed herself. "I cannot believe but that the occasion will give her the courage of desperation, and so carry her through."

"I do not know whether to wish for it or not. I might be better for her not to sing at all, than to sing so badly that she will ruin her future prospects."

"Does Mr. Rosenberg share your fears?" Valerie asked, after a pause.

"Not at all. But then Mr. Rosenberg, like himself, does not look below the surface."

"You do me great injustice," the other protested. "I do look below the surface, and I see all that natural fear and doubt to which you allude. But I see, also, that it will prevent Alix from appearing, and from doing full justice to her voice when she does appear. And now, dear madame, it remains for time to show which of us is the true prophet."

"I doubt if anybody ever desired more earnestly that honor should fall on a rival's head," Mrs. Riviere said, smiling; "or if ever a prophet was more willing to forfeit all claim to the reputation of one."

Strange to say, for once in her life Madame Vacquant acted in a manner which nobody expected of her. Notwithstanding her previous censure of such a step, she took up Alix's cause warmly, applauded her courage, promised all possible assistance, and in short (to Mr Rosenberg's great disgust!), took the whole affair under her sublime wing. What was the meaning of this sudden change of opinion, it would be difficult to say; but there was at least good reason for supposing that the consummation of Darcy a *penchant* and a desire to encourage it, had some thing to do with the matter. Certainly there was a long consultation with Julian, then the carriage was ordered, and the lady drove straight to the Riviere's to tender her all-powerful aid and countenance. Of course it was gratefully accepted—the more gratefully, because almost every other one of their newly-made friends had been loud in remonstrance, or cold in disapproval; and also because the world of fashion was always sure to follow wherever that white finger pointed. When Madame Vacquant said in her soft, highbred voice, "My dear, I will be glad to do all in my power to insure your success," she was pledging not herself, but the entire *beau monde*; and Alix, knowing this, was proportionably warm in thanks—thanks that would not have been rendered if there had been a suspicion of vulgar patronage in the matter. But her worst enemy never failed to admit that the fair society-leader knew how to confer a favor with inimitable tact and grace; and she was scarcely likely to fail in the employed both the one and the other here.

The day of the concert at last came, and in the afternoon Miss Alymer went to see whether Alix's courage wavered or increased as the hour of fate approached. She found her sitting by her mother's sofa, very quiet, very pale, but also very composed. They both glanced up with a smile when the well-known face came in, and Alix gave one cry—

"She is charming!"

"Who is charming?" Valerie asked.

"Why, Madame Baroni, of course!" the other answered, a little indignantly. "Who else should I mean? Mr. Rosenberg took me to see her this morning—and oh, Valerie, I can never be afraid of her again!"

"Well, that is one comfort," her friend replied. "I should think this might serve to convince you that your other fears are quite as shadowy. Mrs. Riviere, does she need a tonic?"

"I don't think so," Mrs. Riviere answered, with her peculiarly sweet smile. "She went off very pale and trembling to see Madame Baroni; but she came back full of courage, and I don't believe it has ebbed since."

"She is so kind," Alix said, with effusion. "It would have been ungrateful to feel afraid any more—at least of her. She encouraged me to preserve—praised my voice—told me about her own *debut*, when she was so frightened she could scarcely sing a note—and predicted that some day I would be a great cantatrice. Think of that mamma!"

"Yes, think of it," Valerie said. "Think of cities at your feet, and nations ringing with your praise, of whole assemblies transported to enthusiasm by your voice, and of ovations that royalty might envy—"

"Not to speak of substantial profits."

"Not at all. Oh, child, how happy you are!—and how little you appreciate your happiness! You hold your future in your own hand, and you win bread and fame by the exercise of that which is to you delight. Think of the myriads who spend life in a toil that is utterly hateful to them; and thank God for giving you the capability of labor than can be loved."

"I do," she said humbly; "I do thank Him with all my heart. I look at the poor drudges who teach, at the poor slaves who sew, and I ask myself what have I done to be so greatly blessed in a gift, but, for which, I could anticipate no higher existence than theirs."

"And when you think of Music—of her grand and glorious loveliness—of the beauty that is nearer Heaven than aught else left us at the Fall—to you not fear your terrors grow petty and unworthy in presence of a mistress so sublime?"

"Yes," she said, with the shining smile of a St. Cecilia, "I do—indeed I do!"

"That, then, is a point where it will be well to leave you," and she rose to go.

"No, I cannot stay longer. It will soon be time for you to begin your toilet, and I must not detain you from that. Alix, when I see you again, the Rubicon will be passed; and, as I now say to you, be of good heart—and prove that the blood which has made the sons of our land famous is not less fruitful of heroism in her daughters. So I will then congratulate you on having won a two-fold victory: one over circumstance, and a harder one over yourself."

"God grant it!" said the mother's solemn tones.

"Amen!" said Alix, softly.

When Miss Aylmer reached home, it was nearly sunset, and the western sky had been dazzling her eyes with its glory, so that she did not at all recognize a dark figure hurrying forward to meet her until they met on the door-step, and then she saw Romney. As he uncovered his head, and the full light of the incarnadine west fell over his face, she was startled to observe how worn and pale he looked.

"Julian!" she said, stopping short. "Something is surely the matter—or has happened to you. What is it?"

She asked the question anxiously, but it was more the anxiety of one who fears some unpleasant responsibility, than that of a woman quick to perceive through her affections.

"Nothing of any importance," he answered, with a forced smile; "at least I don't suppose you would consider it of importance. Your friend Miss Riviere seems to occupy all your available attention just now."

"I thought she needed it, but you look this evening as if you needed it more. Pray tell me what is the matter—if it is any thing I can help."

"So you don't care to hear, in case that it is not?"

"Did I say that? How strangely perverse you are! Surely you are not foolish again," she added, a little impatiently.

"If foolish means jealous, you have answered. "But—ah, the door is open, and perhaps it is as well I should not take all Charles street into my confidence. Will you come in?"

She went in, but paused at the foot of the staircase with decided determination on her face.

"Now," she said, "I insist on the contemplation of that sentence. But—what?"

"As if you cared!" he said, passionately. "As if I might not be swept out of your path to-morrow without your sending a single sigh after me—unless it was a sigh of relief! For Heaven's sake, don't mock me with such a question, or—I will not answer for the consequences. You should not tempt me to break your own commands, and then grow angry at the temerity."

"I did not mean to do that," she said, softly—moved more than she cared to confess by his tone and manner—then she came a step nearer and laid her hand on his arm. "Julian, why are you so ready to speak of me as if I were ready to work you great harm? Why not regard me as one who would do almost any thing to spare you pain?"

"Almost any thing?"

"Yes."

"Then," he said with something of a hoarse laugh, "be sure I will test you very soon. There! I dare not say any thing more now. And don't look at me in that way, or I will! You have to dress, I know. Don't let me detain you."

"I am going, but—say something first, that is like yourself. I can't bear to leave you in such a mood."

"What shall I say? That your eyes were never brighter or your voice more sweet—that in my heart I still believe. But I should think you would grow tired of such platitudes."

"Yes, tired and vexed," she answered, withdrawing her hand, and turning away. "I don't understand you. I did not think you would treat me so, but—no matter!"

He let her go without a word, and she was half-way up the staircase, before he suddenly rushed after her, caught her hand, and, before she knew it, had pressed it many times, passionately to his lips.

"Julian!" she cried, half-angrily.

Then he dropped it, and looked up with imploring eyes.

"Forgive me!" he said. "Forgive me, not for this, but for churlish despair. Yes, I will hope. It is only a coward who dare not do so. You shall not find me in this mood again."

Nor did she—at least not that night. When she came down to dinner, it was a very gay and gallant cavalier who met her at the door of the dining-room, and, while dessert was still on the table, the carriage was announced.

"We cannot afford to be late to-night," said Madame Vacquant, rising at once. "I would not Miss Alix's first appearance for any consideration. My dear, I am so sorry you cannot come"—this to Mr. Vacquant, whom the gout kept at home.—"Maurice, may I trouble you for my cloak?"

While Darcy dutifully wrapped the white folds around her stately figure, Julian was performing the same office for Valerie; and, in so doing, found time to ask:

"Am I forgiven?"

"That depends on your future conduct," she answered, with a bright smile. "But you must take me down to the carriage as an earnest of it."

They soon disembarked before the brilliant entrance of the Concordia; but truth to tell, Valerie had very little appreciation or recollection of the concert as a concert. And after-events completely drove from her mind even the faintest remembrance of how the great prima donna sang. Mr. Rosenberg had thought it best for no one to be with Alix but himself, so the Vacquant party found themselves in the orchestra-chairs, adjoining their own—chairs very near the stage, and altogether the best in the house for the double purpose of seeing and hearing. Valerie's heart was full for the child who was struggling, and fighting herself, all alone behind the scenes; and, for once in her life, she was deaf even to music. She had only a faint, dream-like impression of the magnificent music, of the woman, with her powerful voice, her brilliant execution, her gleaming silk, and flashing jewels, who brought down such storms of applause from the house. Even a Polonaise of Chopin, and an concerto of Mendelssohn, failed to move her. She heard little, and saw less, until near the close of the first part, an eager movement of Mrs Riviere's said more plainly than words, "There she is!"—and a round of welcoming applause made Valerie look up quickly to see Mr. Rosenberg's white-kid gloves leading forward a brown-eyed Titania in a cloud of India muslin.

All the interested party drew their breath quickly, and then held it in a sharp tension of anxiety and hope. Indeed, the most indifferent stranger might have found it hard to gaze quite unmoved at the fair face and childlike form of the young *debutante*, as she stood before the foot-lights in all the solitary grandeur of success. She looked so refined, so modest, so altogether beautiful, that there was a quickening interest on many a face lately apathetic, and a half-murmured, "How lovely!" from many lips lately careless. Lovely, indeed, she was—rarely lovely; but one glance at the poor little flower showed those eager eyes watching her so closely that her courage was ebbing fast. She was terribly pale, and trembled visibly—but she was making a brave battle of it, and fighting a stern fight for self-control. The first spontaneous tribute of applause subsided, was acknowledged by a timid salutation, and then silence settled over the house—silence profound and expectant; but, in that trembling heart, who shall say how awful! Mr. Rosenberg took his seat at the piano, the first violinist of the orchestra drew his bow softly across the strings; but the singer seemed momently losing both self-possession and self-control. The *maestro* was evidently very uneasy. He played a prelude of unusual length—during the course of which Valerie saw Alix's fingers lacing and interlacing over the sheet of music she held, and her breast heaving convulsively—but it had to be called delay no longer. He murmured something hurriedly over his shoulder, and struck the firs chords of the accompaniment. Alix made one desperate effect to sing—her voice failed her! Another equally desperate —with equally ill success. Then she paused, evidently struggling with a wild desire to burst into tears, and rush from the stage. The stillness of the next few minutes was terrible. Mrs. Riviere laid her hand down on the one beside her with a grasp Miss Aylmer never forgot; but her glance did not once turn from her daughter's face. Mr. Rosenberg rose and went to Alix's side, the leader of the orchestra leaned forward, and spoke a few kind words of encouragement. But it all seemed to little purpose, and a perfect despair settled over the watchers. To fail—and thus! Murmurs of compassion began to be heard, together with well-meant whispers of "Better take her off!"

At that moment Darcy, who was sitting just behind Valerie, laid his hand on her shoulder. "Let her mother show herself!" he whispered, eagerly. "That will restore her courage—if any thing can!" Miss Aylmer turned to Mrs. Riviere, but she had heard him, and immediately rose to her feet, and leaned forward toward the stage, utterly unmindful that she was thus a mark for the observation of the whole house, if the house had not been too much occupied to observe her. Alix's eyes were wistfully turned on the audience, as if seeking that face among all others, and many noticed the start with which she recognized it. The effect was scarcely less instantaneous. Color flushed into her cheeks, and light into her eyes; she made a motion as if swallowing some impediment in her throat, and, laying her hand on Mr. Rosenberg's arm, pointed to the piano. He hesitated, but she said a few words, and he resumed his seat. Then, as she once more fronted the audience, with resolution and hope in her face—such resolution as that with which men go to storm a battery—some kindly chivalric hand in the gallery gave a signal of applause, to which the body of the house eagerly responded. When it subsided, the battle was fought and won! She began to sing, and the first tone of her voice assured everybody that the worst was over, and that no further hesitation was to be feared. Perhaps the desperate effort which gave her strength, but at least it bore her bravely through. She had never in her life done fuller justice to herself or to her teacher. Even those whose hearts were bound up in the music, and listened with the enraptured attention to those fairy-like cadences, that exquisite elfin rise and fall of delicious harmony which is the immortal heritage bequeathed us by the master's immortal genius. There was not a musical ear in the house which was not charmed by the sweetness and compass of those wonderful notes, which did not perceive at once the rare natural power of the voice, and the purity of execution, the almost perfect style of the vocalization. They had expected at best little more than a mediocre capability in this trembling *debutante*, and they found themselves completely taken by surprise! When the last clear, bell-like note died away, there was a pause of absolute astonishment, and even her father's persuasions were of little avail. Indeed, when no other excuse was left, she would look up at Valerie piteously, and say, "But I cannot leave poor papa all alone." To this Miss Aylmer wisely forebore immediate answer, for she was sure that even the daughter's eyes could not long fail to perceive that her absence would be to her father more a relief than a deprivation. His love for his wife had been simply devoted; but there was little or nothing of what is called "the domestic man" in his nature. He tolerated home-life for her sake; but he never learned to like it for its own, and the most superficial observer could not have failed to perceive how strong was his desire to escape the haunting presence of grief—embodied in the darkened house, the vacant couch, his daughter's pale face and black dress—and plunged headlong into the world. There was no doubt but that he would be unfeignedly glad to see Alix safely established at M. Vacquant's fireside, and to look within the vacant house the ghost of his past life and his dead love.

Nor was it very long before this desire was plainly manifest even to Alix; not long before she yielded a reluctant consent to Valerie's entreaties, and those which Madame Vacquant came in person to add: not long before she bade a weeping farewell to the rooms where her mother's smile last shone on her, and was driven away to the stately Vacquant mansion, where a sunny room awaited her, and where one heart at least was ready to give her a tender and unwearied attention.

Is it necessary to say that this heart beat within the broad chest of Maurice Darcy? Truly, if he had seemed to like Alix a little before, he now lavished upon her with an affection that was touched into deep reverence by her silent but enduring grief. Her mother could not have watched over Alix with more untiring care; more constantly studied her unspoken wishes, more zealously striven to ease her heart and amuse her mind. His regard fairly encompassed her. If she remained in her chamber, books, papers, and flowers, were going up in broken detachments all day; if she came down, he rarely failed to meet her at the foot of the stairs and lead her in the back drawing-room, where her own special sofa stood covered with cushions which he never allowed any one but himself to arrange. Then he would take his place by her, and leave no means untried to make the rare smile and rarer laugh, until Valerie, looking on in wondering surprise, could only murmur half-unconsciously to herself:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are tse daring."

Not that Valerie had overmuch time just now for observing Maurice Darcy, or aught that concerned him. Since her return there had been her shadow, in public as well as private—a shadow whom she found it willingly impossible to shake off, and who cost her many an hour of deep and painful disquietude. The end was fast approaching—she saw it clearly—but much longer could the "pretty fooling" go on, or could she stave off a serious declaration and its consequences; not much longer could she hold at arm's-length the devotion that daily grew in passion and ...titude. An explanation must soon come, and after that—well, perhaps it was part of her punishment that she remembered now her father's warning, and wished vainly and bitterly that she had heeded it. Ah! there is no telling, but perhaps we might not sow quite so recklessly if we would only bear the reaping-time in mind; if we would only remember that there will be a settling-day of regret, no alternative of evasion, when the inevitable hour comes, and the relentless scythe is put into our hand, but, whether we will or no, the harvest must be gathered. Even in the merest worldly sense, there is no wiser maxim than that of "look to the end." Ay, look to the end, for if we often or ever did so, that end might not be so full of ashes and gall when it comes. Slowly and painfully, as all great lessons must be learned, this truth came home to Valerie Aylmer; but the harvest must be gathered in for all that; nor was it long before the reaping began.

It seemed that Madame Vacquant had laid her plans well, for by degrees Valerie began to perceive that society at large considered the *affaire* between Julian and herself in the light of a recognized engagement. Men fell back from her side when he approached, as if conceding to the privileged right; women began to speak of her as of one outside the circle of the disengaged, and a thousand trifling occurrences proved to her that the matter was regarded as finally settled. Perhaps Madame Vacquant would have been surprised to learn that she had been the first in this move, if she had not reasoned too much on feminine nature in general, and not enough on Valerie's nature in particular. Some women—many women—are easily influenced by any thing of this kind, and are readily brought to think that when society utters its dictum the matter had best be considered settled; that they had committed themselves past recall, and that it is better to accept the situation than to dare the vague and shadowy consequences of opposition. But Valerie Aylmer was this girl, through whose veins beat hot and strong the warm Southern blood, that, in great or small, never yet blenched at a penalty, or regarded a consequence. Therefore, it was not strange that this spectre of social coercion, instead of retarding, rather gave impetus to the explanation which seemed so near at hand, yet it came at last unexpectedly—as most things do come.

Valerie's indignation had been very much roused by Romney's attempt to claim a privileged right to some favor over the heads of half a dozen other aspirants at a certain ball one night. So when he came, instigated by his mother, to make overtures of peace the next morning, he found his fair mistress in a far from placable mood.

"Yes," she said, after listening to all his ready-made penitence, "that is very fine, but I have had a number of these, and should like some substantial proof of regret before issuing another official pardon. No—pray don't interrupt me. I know exactly what you are going to say. I am fully prepared to hear that I must stand your excuse, and all that sort of thing—but, once for all, I must decline standing your excuse any longer. I should think people could like each other in a reasonable manner, little as they think, none more hopeless than this, none more painful to wring our own hearts with the sorrow of unavailing pity! When thirty-six hours had passed, and still the stunned quiescence was unbroken, still no morsel of food had crossed the pale lips, the doctor thought it necessary to interfere. "This will never do!" he said, decidedly. "The body must be removed as soon as possible, or this child will die." Accordingly the funeral arrangements were hastened, and, on the third day after death, they buried away in the kind bosom of Mother Earth the cold shell of mortality that had once enshrined so fair and pure a spirit. To the last, Alix was resolved to attend the funeral. But Nature had already been taxed too far. When she went to take a last look of her mother's face, and she saw the lovely repose in peace that reigned in every line of it in contrast with her own grief-torn heart, the poor child gave way in one mighty rush of emotion, that cast her prostrate beneath its violence.

"O mother, mother!" she sobbed, as the burning shower ran over the face of her who never before had been unconscious of her voice, or deaf to her suffering. "Mine is the anguish, but yours the peace! All is over for you—all pain, all fear, all trouble! Your rest is won—but oh, my burden is heavy, heavier than I can bear without you! Oh, come back to me—or teach me at least to say 'Thy will be done.'"

She was borne away unresisting, and a strong opiate administered by the doctor's orders. "She will rest now," he said. And she did rest—so deeply that the sad procession passed out of the darkened house, as she lay in unconscious slumber. And while in the carriage, and the solemn tones of a requiem mass were chanted over the silent dust, she still slept—still forgot her pangs for a brief while, as she lay with a crucifix clasped in her hand, and so sweet a smile on the pallid face, that Valerie bushed her breath, thinking it must be that the mother's spirit had come to comfort her even from those—

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CHAPTER VI.

REAPING THE HARVEST.

A fortnight after this, Valerie was still domiciled at the Rivieres'. Her heart—always a gentle and pitiful heart to sorrow and distress—had been sorely touched, and she was as loath to leave Alix and go back to the dissipations of the Vacquant household, as Alix would have been loath to see her go. Indeed, as the first wild violence of grief abated, giving place to that deep and settled sorrow which time alone can heal, there came also the aching sense of desolation—the deep longing for human love and companionship which made Valerie's presence with her a positive necessity. Already, however, the former had mooted a plan which could alone secure this companionship for any length of time. Already, she had declared her anxiety, that Alix should leave her own home, so full as it was of painful memories, and accompany her to Washington Place. By degrees only could the latter be brought to entertain such a proposition. She clung passionately to the spot last associated with her mother, and even her father's persuasions were of little avail. Indeed, when no other excuse was left, she would look up at Valerie piteously, and say, "But I cannot leave poor papa all alone." To this Miss Aylmer wisely forebore immediate answer, for she was sure that even the daughter's eyes could not long fail to perceive that her absence would be to her father more a relief than a deprivation. His love for his wife had been simply devoted; but there was little or nothing of what is called "the domestic man" in his nature. He tolerated home-life for her sake; but he never learned to like it for its own, and the most superficial observer could not have failed to perceive how strong was his desire to escape the haunting presence of grief—embodied in the darkened house, the vacant couch, his daughter's pale face and black dress—and plunged headlong into the world. There was no doubt but that he would be unfeignedly glad to see Alix safely established at M. Vacquant's fireside, and to look within the vacant house the ghost of his past life and his dead love.

Nor was it very long before this desire was plainly manifest even to Alix; not long before she yielded a reluctant consent to Valerie's entreaties, and those which Madame Vacquant came in person to add; not long before she bade a weeping farewell to the rooms where her mother's smile last shone on her, and was driven away to the stately Vacquant mansion, where a sunny room awaited her, and where one heart at least was ready to give her a tender and unwearied attention.

Is it necessary to say that this heart beat within the broad chest of Maurice Darcy? Truly, if he had seemed to like Alix a little before, he now lavished upon her with an affection that was touched into deep reverence by her silent but enduring grief. Her mother could not have watched over Alix with more untiring care; more constantly studied her unspoken wishes, more zealously striven to ease her heart and amuse her mind. His regard fairly encompassed her. If she remained in her chamber, books, papers, and flowers, were going up in broken detachments all day; if she came down, he rarely failed to meet her at the foot of the stairs and lead her in the back drawing-room, where her own special sofa stood covered with cushions which he never allowed any one but himself to arrange. Then he would take his place by her, and leave no means untried to make the rare smile and rarer laugh, until Valerie, looking on in wondering surprise, could only murmur half-unconsciously to herself:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are tse daring."

Not that Valerie had overmuch time just now for observing Maurice Darcy, or aught that concerned him. Since her return there had been her shadow, in public as well as private—a shadow whom she found it willingly impossible to shake off, and who cost her many an hour of deep and painful disquietude. The end was fast approaching—she saw it clearly—but much longer could the "pretty fooling" go on, or could she stave off a serious declaration and its consequences; not much longer could she hold at arm's-length the devotion that daily grew in passion and ...titude. An explanation must soon come, and after that—well, perhaps it was part of her punishment that she remembered now her father's warning, and wished vainly and bitterly that she had heeded it. Ah! there is no telling, but perhaps we might not sow quite so recklessly if we would only bear the reaping-time in mind; if we would only remember that there will be a settling-day of regret, no alternative of evasion, when the inevitable hour comes, and the relentless scythe is put into our hand, but, whether we will or no, the harvest must be gathered. Even in the merest worldly sense, there is no wiser maxim than that of "look to the end." Ay, look to the end, for if we often or ever did so, that end might not be so full of ashes and gall when it comes. Slowly and painfully, as all great lessons must be learned, this truth came home to Valerie Aylmer; but the harvest must be gathered in for all that; nor was it long before the reaping began.

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